

THE GEORGE BROWN GLOBE

VOL. 4, NO. 13
TORONTO, ONTARIO
SEPTEMBER 7, 1971

THE CITY IS OUR CAMPUS

LEARNING ON THE INSIDE

(News release from
Canadian Correctional
Services)

For the first time in Canada, an Ontario community college and a federal penitentiary are working together to give inmates a full-time, post-secondary education leading to college certificates.

It began in 1969 when David Fairbairn, an instructor in the liberal arts department at Kingston's St. Lawrence College of Applied Arts and Technology, voluntarily held an evening class in polytechnic and written communication at Collins Bay medium security penitentiary.

A full-time credit program of instruction began in September 1970, with 13 instructors from the college coming into Collins Bay to teach subjects in business administration and polytechnology to 30 inmates.

These two academic courses were immediately popular. Among more than 50 applicants, 26 were chosen for business administration and 16 for polytechnology. Because not enough of these men had the necessary high school education, the college agreed to lower entrance requirements to approximately the grade 9 level and to accept applicants as mature students from age 19 and up. The average age of the inmates at Collins Bay is 24.

Business administration includes accounting, economics, data processing, manufacturing, marketing, mathematics, communications, and introductory psychology. The primary goal is to prepare the inmate to become a computer programmer in a commercial environment. Two semesters of the six-semester course will be completed in May. When an inmate successfully completes all six semesters, he will be awarded a diploma in business administration with a major in data processing or one of the other fields. Each semester is approximately four months long.

Polytechnical subjects include mathematics, mechanics, physics and chemistry, electronics, and communications. This course trains technicians and technologists for certification as senior engineering technicians or engineering technologists. Practical experience is

provided in communication, computers, measurements and industrial electronics. The technician course is four semesters and the technologist course is six.

Mr. Fairbairn, who is involved in a number of activities at Collins Bay in addition to teaching, finds that on the average, the inmates have greater motivation and interest in their work than students at St. Lawrence College. Because of the strong motivation he finds that he can teach faster at the prison. He says he was surprised to see the high calibre of inmates' work. The fact that they have been given the opportunity to take the college courses, he believes, has made the difference.

In his communications course, the teacher tries to develop in his students the skill to communicate more effectively through writing and speaking, and to get the men to relate to each other in small groups. In addition to the work he does at Collins Bay, Mr. Fairbairn teaches at Kingston maximum security institution. "Inmates relate better to someone from outside the institution," Mr. Fairbairn says.

The staff at Collins Bay, which includes 14 vocational instructors, praise the St. Lawrence program. According to Warden John Meers, who was the first vocational instructor in the Canadian Penitentiary Service, the inmates have shown far greater interest in the St. Lawrence courses than in the vocational courses offered by the institution.

St. Lawrence courses are also given at Joyceville Institution and Kingston Penitentiary, but not on a full-time basis. And for the first time last summer, a Queens University course in political science was given to 22 inmates at Joyceville. Of these, six obtained marks high enough to enable them to continue their studies at the university.

With four of the 35 federal penitentiaries located in a city that has a university, a teachers' college, and a community college, it is not surprising to see some of the most progressive developments in correctional education occurring here. Much of the credit for this must go to the community — to students, businessmen, and teachers as well as churches, social groups, and various other socially-oriented organizations.

Plans for more ambitious co-operation among these institutions and with the community are well underway. It is possible that in the near future, Collins Bay will be a centre for

academic education for inmates from penitentiaries in the Kingston area. Under such an arrangement, all the men who would qualify for St. Lawrence courses would be transferred to Collins Bay.

Inmates also have an opportunity to leave prison on day parole to attend St. Lawrence College or Queens University. When classes are over for the day, they return to prison. There is one exception to this. A new half-way house for women, run by the Elizabeth Fry Society of Kingston, accommodates five inmates from the Prison for Women who work or go to school during the day and return to the half-way house in the evening.

Whether for credit or not, the variety of courses now being given in these institutions are providing stimulation for an increasing number of inmates. Drama, public speaking, painting, radio and television arts, and current affairs are some of the creative offerings that are changing the lives of the men and women behind prison walls.

We want to emphasize the concept of community based corrections emphasizing citizen participation and contractual relationships with outside resources.

NEWS IN BRIEF

by Lloyd C. bowden

Art Cook Director of Operation Placement at George Brown College (Teraulay) reports that despite widespread unemployment across Canada his office was proud to boast of improved activity for the summer.

He noted that extensive publicity for the operation, now in its second year was reflected by a 30 per cent increase in orders placed by employers. The increase provided a ten per cent greater opportunity for students to fill the extra vacancies. To date, (end of July) as compared with the same period last year, 130 per cent more students found summer jobs.

Provincial Manpower Students — i.e. students paying \$4.00 per week — are, according to R.E. Armstrong Registrar of Teraulay, to receive adequate orientation and counselling on entry to the campus. After August 20, 1971, no fee-paying student may be permitted to begin his studies without first being processed by the Registrar's Department, the Health Service and the Counselling Department.

"Take 30", a simplified form of Pitman Shorthand in which many of the rules of the regular system are eliminated will be given this winter on Tuesday and Thursday evenings thru the Extension Department.
"Take 30" is a 150 hour course; with Grade 12 or equivalent as the prerequisite for entry. The fee is \$60.00.

John Gammell and Jerry Townsend, two counsellors at the campus are among several personnel manning the G.B.C. booth at the C.N.E.

A centrally located students' residence is available to George Brown Students. The cost \$16.00 per week per student. For more information contact Frank Davis or Bert Willocks at 360-1554 between 11.00 a.m. and 4.00 p.m.

JOSHUA, an ecology action organization in Vancouver, is bringing together businessmen and laid haired youth thru the reclamation of waste paper, which is the common goal of both factions who want to recycle discarded office material as their contribution toward easing Vancouver's environmental problems.

"THEY" are repainting the large cafeteria off-white and blue. As yet no one has volunteered to do a mural.

VERSAAFOOD SERVICES reports first-half net profit ahead at \$205,900 compared with a restated \$175,000 a year ago. The 1970 results were restated to reflect adjustments at the end of the year.

G.B.C. AT THE CNE



Breakdown at 6%

The Royal York It's Not Student Housing It Is!

Early in August, faculty learned, during negotiations with the Council of Regents' bargaining team, that the government had decided "unilaterally" that there would be a salary increase of 6% retroactive to 1st September, 1970. Mr. F.G. Hamilton, government spokesman, indicated this would not prejudice negotiations. Individual faculty members have received confirming statements from head office.

Faculty's CSAO bargaining unit object to this action on the grounds that such unilateral adjustments are illegal whilst negotiations are in progress. Also the government's response to demands, they claim, are only partial and omit for instance, settlement of monetary issues. The faculty bargaining unit feel negotiations have been unproductive and have made application for mediation and understood joint council will review the application the 10th of September.

by Wayne Steadman

S.A.C. has finally motivated itself again. To do a little more for our students is their aim. They have provided housing for students in need of same. The apartments and houses have been leased for a five year period. These are located at 93-99 Madison Avenue, in the Spadina and Bloor area, and 345 Church Street, in the Gerrard and Church area. Both single and double accommodations are available at a rate of \$16.00 per week per student. The accommodations are communal style with 5 bedrooms, a community living room and kitchen.

Agreed, it's not the Royal York, Hotel London, or the Waldorf, but the places are clean.

If you are interested you can get in touch with Bert Willocks, at room 351 on Teraulay Campus at telephone number 360-1555, or you may call in at 93 Madison Ave. The number there is 964-2561.

THE GEORGE BROWN GLOBE

"published by some people at George Brown College"

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51 Teraulay Street
Toronto 2, Ontario

Room 409 360-1554

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SHOULD, OUGHT OR MIGHT BE

Do you work with the way it is, or the way it should, ought, or might be — that is a universal and perennial question.

That question faced your editor sitting with red pencil in hand and confronted with that famous — or infamous — four letter word which you may not appear in our last issue.

What to do? Didn't want to leave it in as it is poor quality, but this is not quite a sufficient reason because others may not wish this particular kind of quality.

However a consideration of politics can decide the issue. If this paper is to be anything more than a gossip sheet in narrow confines, then if the gossipers wish to gossip in four letter words — so be it and go to it. But if this paper is to aspire to something more and to achieve a measure of credibility and influence — then the previous four letter word is out.

Besides a little attention to the way it should, ought or might be, might make the way it is — more worthwhile.

Admittedly your present editor is relatively square and ancient and, because of this, contrary arguments of merit will be considered.

Should Counsellors Be Acceptable?

"Accountability — in not what we do but what we achieve" this was the theme of the address of Dr. J.D. Krumboltz, of Stanford University to the Canadian Guidance and Counselling Association Convention at the Victoria Arena early in June of this year.

He suggested counsellors might not be accountable for the number of hours spent in conference with few workers or the number of forms filled out and the number of clients interviewed per day. Rather accountability might be: Has the counsellor helped his client to make decisions and achieve success — and Krumboltz adds the word — joyfully?

On the threshold of another academic year how do counsellors stack up by the criteria established by Dr. Krumboltz? If there are shortcomings it could well be failure by counsellors to address themselves to the

But then, perhaps we cry wolf unnecessarily, perhaps all is well and nothing wrong, perhaps our counsellors are quite happy with their lot and willing to fade away like the gallant soldiers they are.

One more question: Do we actually, really, need counsellors?

Introducing

THE GLOBE and its Staff

by Dieter Gersch

When things are getting busy on the fourth floor of Teraulay campus we can safely translate the resulting activities as an indication of curiosity and interest. Especially when it applies to a newspaper such as our "Globe". It is a well known fact to all familiar with past student activities that at one time our only means of uniting the students of all campuses of G.B.C. was dangerously threatened by extinction. But, as in many other cases, along came a few people who refused to let this happen, for they realized the value of the "Globe".

The summer months witnessed an all time low in staff numbers but somehow or other the paper was kept alive. With the advent of September and another academic year, the "Globe" has taken on a new lease on life and it actually requires more than one hand with which to run the staff.

Until very recently the staff of the "Globe" had no conception of plan or direction. Proper management of the office was non-existent and appeared not to require.

However, all this has now changed and our plans have taken definite form. Also the staff has increased in numbers which calls for greater efficiency and distribution of assignments. There are plans for expansions to all the other campuses and publication of several issues per month. Other ambitions include such matters as involving the administration, the community, etc. I think I can sum up all that by saying: "Keep a sharp lookout for the 'Globe' and snatch a copy while they last". The members of the staff are a group of students, rather a mixed bag, who have realized somewhere along the line that "Globe" has its satisfactions: this type of involvement offers. Not to mention the tremendous amount of help, advice and information they are able to pass on to their fellow students.

Our sights are set pretty high but, counting on the individual and collective help of all campuses, our ambition is to adequately, and to your satisfaction, cover the George Brown College scene.

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THE GARDINER LOOKS FINE THIS MORNING

by Frank Lee

During the vacation I had the pleasure of being Eddie Luther's guest in the CFTR traffic Helicopter in order to take some aerial photographs to complete the Parkdale Festival Programme for the Mobile Camera. From the flight I learned two important facts: one good, one bad. Toronto is the most beautiful city, so green everywhere particularly in the older parts, but the impression is of wooded country with a few houses. The bad one, our old friend pollution is still with us. It was impossible to see the downtown skyscrapers from Yonge and Lawrence.

I met Eddie at the heliport just before seven in the morning and watched whilst the machine was filled up with gas. Then I got on board and oriented myself, strapping myself firmly in, getting my camera ready for action. Eddie joined me and started the engine. As it was warming up he explained the Radio Equipment, an ordinary car-radio to hear the station; a business radio set to give the actual traffic reports, and to talk to the station, and the airplane covering the other half of Metro and, finally, a radio to enable him to talk to the Control Towers at the Island, Malton and Downsview airports. Eddie said we did not dispute the position of a piece of the sky with a jet. All those signals were fed to our headsets and we also had microphones to talk to each other.

When the engine was warm Eddie threw the clutch switch and locked it in place and gently lifted us up to about three feet. Hovering there he checked all the controls. Then we rose a little and flew out over the lake and started to slow climb over the Western Gap past HMCS HALDA until we reached our operating height of a thousand feet over Ontario Place. At this height we swung inland over Parkdale keeping a close watch on the highways on to the intersection with Highway 27 then north about a quarter of a mile East to the highway up to the Airport. About half way there Eddie called Malton Tower to announce ourselves. On this run the smoke from our turned East as soon as the 401 was in view to make sure we kept well out of the way of the commercial airlines which I could hear the Tower calling, but could not see.

As we turned into the sun I saw the pollution in all its worst form — the ground immediately below being clearly visible. The air around was this pale green blanket reflecting the sun not at all like the clouds as you see them from an

airliner. Over Upper Canada College we turned south down Yonge Street. As we neared the downtown area we made a small deviation to enable me to photograph Ramsden Park Extension. In making the Extension they demolished the house I used to live in.

In our second trip over Parkdale my work began. Using the apartment house at Triller Avenue and Queen Street as a landmark, we flew over Parkdale to get my pictures then on west again over Sunnyside, the Humber and out to the airport. By now the smog had cleared a little and we were able to go in closer. I watched as a DC9 took off. As it passed us, climbing almost vertically, the next machine was rolling on the runway. The most striking feature of the airport is how small the main terminal buildings are for a city the size of Toronto.

After flying east again over Lawrence Avenue we flew down Avenue Road right over Queens Park being thankful that it was too early to suffer any turbulence from the hot air rising from the Legislature, over the new Star building, and down at the Heliport under the watchful eye of one of Metro's Finest. After a final report just before the news at eight I thanked Eddie and got out of the helicopter to make way for the next guest for the second hour — Miss Teen Canada.

by Tim Dineen

Well, I passed an anniversary last month. August seventh marked exactly one year that I had given up smoking. I'd quit the smoking habit by the constitution to give it up as suddenly as I did — a snap-of-the-fingers type of thing — but I survived to tell the tale.

There's only one thing — cough, cough, — that bothers me — cough — though... Why, — choke — do I — cough — have to — hack, hack — keep working — sniff, choke, sniff — with guys who — cough, choke — keep on smoking.

The maintenance staff at College Campus wishes to apologise to the teachers of that campus for making their work just that much harder. We know that during the summer our work has been very loud and we are sorry that we woke up a few of your students.

College Corner

NOTICE

THE STUDENT UNION at college campus has just elected a new executive committee with new aims and we hope that it will perform better under this new leadership.

The new members of the elected exec are as follows:

President — Tom Wiley
Vice Pres — Brian Dennis
Vice Pres — Wayne Hill
Treasurer — Bill Rampton
Secretary — Vivian Wilson

A further note of interest — Bill Rampton was also elected to the position of ex-treasurer of SAC Centre.

The aims of this council are to communicate with all the students and try to make the students take more interest in what is happening on campus.

We would like to thank Miss MacIntyre and the people of the English Second Language Office for their assistance in getting through to the ethnic groups.

We would also like to thank Mr. Turner our gallant principal and his staff for his help and steadfast guidance.

Thanks also to all of the staff and teachers that helped. The student union from College Campus is on the ball again. For the last two weeks we have been putting our heads together, and getting things done. For the first time in almost a year we have had reps from all classes present at our first general meeting.

Finally, after a year without any kind of entertainment the students of this campus have a juke box in the cafeteria. Although there were many problems with the company this year, we have finally received a machine in good order. We have our first draw on September 14th at Frosh Day, prizes consisting of bottles of liquor. So come on campuses, buy your tickets!

JUST TAKING

I would like to thank those people who DID save a copy of the last paper for me like I asked.

Hey, see those Argos? Play off hopefuls, I think. Anybody know when the Grey Cup is going to be played this year? I'm too lazy to look... somebody tell me.

At any rate, I would like to point out, to some of our students, that one or two of our "rival" colleges have, over the last few years, been in the Grey Cup Parade. I seem to remember GEORGE BROWN being in that thing about five years ago — but this is it.

Come on students, let's try to see if you can get together on something to sell your school to your city (if the thing is held in Toronto, that is). I'm almost willing to bet that Algonquin College (Ottawa) will have representatives there.

GLOBE IS ITS C.N.E.

by Wayne Steadman

Interviews with:

Guess Who
Podipto
Various Shops
GBC Display Centre
Security Officer

The GUESS WHO, Canada's top group played top billing at the C.N.E. on August 25, 1971. This reporter from the "Globe" got the chance to talk with these people for an exclusive interview. The comments and information was for the most part given to me by lead singer Burton Cummings.

GLOBE: What are your group's future plans?

ANS: We are going to cut a new album next month. We just want to keep on cutting albums, playing music and turning people on until we get bored with the whole damned thing.

GLOBE: What type of album is your new one next month?

ANS: Well, this one will be more honest, more basic — no put-downs on people. I feel it will be much more together.

GLOBE: How do you feel in general before performing on stage?

ANS: If the sound system is good we feel we can turn on the world, if it is bad, we feel that we're defeated before we start. The bad part about it all is that if the system is bad the people blame us anyway.

N.B.: On this thought this reporter heard a certain member say, "If this system is bad, to hell with them. We'll play a few of our hits and then split cause personally I don't give a shit."

GLOBE: A lot of controversy came of your song "AMERICAN WOMAN". Just exactly what was your intentions or ideas behind this particular song?

ANS: Listen man, we were on tour and had finished cutting some singles in the States. It was a long hard road. We were tired and wanted to get home. So when we had a performance in Winnipeg and we were super glad to be back home in Canada again. Well, how it happened was I was late for the performance (Burton Cummings) (singer) and when I got there the group was just jamming, well when I came on my guitarist was just going through a riff you know, and we were happy so I just ran up and started singing it just the way you hear it on the record. The song never changed from that night we played it. There was no political intent or anything of that nature. We were just happy to be home that's all. Nothing more or less.

GLOBE: How do you feel about your success thus far?

ANS: Well, put it this way. In '67 we went to England and tried to make it there. Well, Jesus, we worked our butts off for nothing. So when we came back we worked harder and longer, we were trying to feel easier about it. Then it happened. Three singles, one right after the other you know: These Eyes, Laughing, No Time. So we earned what we got and I think we can handle it.

GLOBE: What are your views on drugs in relationship to music?

ANS: Drugs have had a definite influence on the advancement of music although I sure has messed over some big names in this business — i.e. Doors, Joplin, etc.

GLOBE: What does performing do for the people in your own words?

ANS: It gives them a common meeting place, a place where they can sit and get comfortable and just get it all on with us.

Now, for my opinion on them. It goes like this:

Success has gone to their heads. They have lost that rapport of being close with people. It's just another performance to them. They approach you with cold indifference. They have many faces and most of those faces aren't the people behind them. It is obvious to me that they are good people. The pressure of success has inflated their egos and blown a big hole in their personalities. The lustre of Cadillacs and planes and prestige has taken its toll on them. In spite of this or perhaps because of this they continue to just plain get it on.

Their performance has the perfection of true, devoted musicians. They know how to get the people into that feeling of togetherness. They are technically sound in every way. Their performance on August 25 was by far a booming success and the songs they played were just what the people wanted to hear. The arrangement of the GUESS WHO is one of the best I've ever seen. They seem relaxed up there on the stage and I guess that's what counts. I would imagine that if alone for some time with these people they would relax and get into themselves instead of professional performers keeping up the game, for it seemed that on stage they were right at home, feeling that music and portraying it as they felt it, and anyone who can express themselves as well as these guys did have to have been down and worked up to where they are today. All in all hats off to the GUESS WHO — the only Canadian group to have given Canada a name in this music field. The members of the group are as follows

Gary Peterson Drums
Jim Kale Lead guitar
Kurt Winter Lead guitar
Greg Leskin Lead guitar
Burton Cummings Electric piano and lead singer.

PODIPTO



PODIPTO:

With this band I was thoroughly and completely impressed. Here we have a prime example of what I term as solid people with the sound of nature itself. They portray that image we all would like to emit. Their peace and serenity were all a person could handle. Their happiness was one of genuine feeling. Their feelings on life in general were beyond belief. Their music and the people who listen to them were all they worried about. I felt more feeling for these people in the all too short time I was with them than at any other concert or performance I've ever witnessed. Their simplicity and style was shared by every person in the audience. They were willing to talk about anything and anything.

PODIPTO is not a known name as yet. But, to see them is to believe them. Their whole performance was one of floating on a surrealistic cloud and yet they managed to come from a small town named Bemis, Minn. They live on a farm in the country and it sure shows in their personalities and performance. I don't quite know how to describe to you just what I experienced with this group of people. This was their first performance in Canada and I asked them how they feel about it.

I received warm smiles and nods as they stated "the people and the country are the greatest" — "they are an absolute pleasure" stated one member.

Jack Sundgrud — bass guitar, and John Collins — guitar and singer, are responsible for all the writing and arrangements used by the group. They have been together two years. To be successful is not their aim in per se. They want only to be heard and felt and to be experienced. They told me they feel that if they did become known (which undoubtedly they will) they hope to be able to retain their calm, happy disposition. They have a versatility such as I have never heard before. It combines folk, rock, blues and country into one of the most harmonious and melodious groups on the circuit today. They said to me, after I asked "What do you really want after all this hard work?"

"You know what we want most?" "It's friends, man! We want to be liked and to like back"

Their show was great as they did their own thing with a certain natural flair. The thing that impressed me most was the way they managed to be warm and friendly and keep smiling after travelling for twenty-four hours in a truck with five people and all their necessary equipment, luggage, etc. Not to mention the fact that the truck is just the size of a Chevy van, no least. The members of Podipto include:

Jack Sundgrud — bass guitar
John Collins — guitar and singer
Don Lund — lead guitar and singer
Karen Lund — electric piano and vocals
Steve Rundquist — drums

While the band played the audience clapped and danced and whistled to them and believe me, I went on stage after the performance and tried to imagine what it would be like for a group that is yet unknown to stand before all these people and lights etc. and be able to put out the feeling that they put across. All I can say is it must have been some feeling, and at that time quite an experience to know that all that hard work was fully appreciated. One more thing I would like to mention is their vocal arrangement. This in itself is an article, but there again they showed the true professionals that they are in their absolute perfect harmonization. Conclusion: If you hear about them playing somewhere, go and take them in. When you do, I hope you enjoy them as much as I did.

FROSH DAY

Sept. 14

WHEN PRESENTED WITH THIS COUPON

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G.B.C. EXHIBIT

Well, the GBC exhibit almost got an A++ but they only received an A. The inside of the building does a great credit to George Brown. Displays such as sewing, arts, sciences and the model of an imaginary George Brown campus were all the highlights of their display. We saw smiling faces all over the place which was really a thrill after walking down the midway. The only place that our good friends missed was outside and there, well, that's another story.

You know, in my opinion, if you have a product inside that you want people to see, and this product is good, you have to advertise it. Now the location of the GBC building was great. There were two streets in front and back that formed a type of triangle in the middle. Well, if you walked down the street in the back you missed it, likewise the side. Thus the only way you knew it was there was if you walked right down the street leaving the other two parts of the street alone. Also the fact that even in that middle there was only one banner and statue type advertisement for George Brown. So you lost marks on the outside guys, but you made up for it inside. Better luck next year.

Wayne Steadman

PHOTO- COPIES for STUDENTS

10¢

Casa Loma,
Kensington& Teraulay Campus
LibrariesFOLK SINGING
DOWNSTAIRS.SING ALONG
UPSTAIRS.

BEER GARDEN

The Only REAL
Pub in TorontoJARVIS & WELLESLEY
SOUTH OF
JARVIS COLLEGIATE

A Look Around The EX

On the CNE itself I have to say quite truthfully that I fail to see where they spent an lucky million and a half lifting its face. Now I haven't been to the CNE in at least six years and it still looks the same to me. Maybe a couple of new fountains and bicycles but it hasn't changed much in the last six years. There was a difference however in so much that if you were to remove everyone aged 25 or younger the place would be empty. Granted it is mostly a kids attraction. However, with all the fine arts, technology, and science exhibits you would think it would draw a larger crowd of older people.

I mean where else for the paltry sum of 1 & 95n bucks can you see all the exhibits available to one at the ex.

The exhibits this year in the Science building were really interesting with new techniques and so on. I feel that they have really done a fine job of showing the public just what is going on in that aspect of our world today. The people at the CNE Grandstand weren't as together though. They made comments such as: "... This place could have been run better by three year olds." Also the infamous line — "Too many chiefs, not enough Indians." For instance at the pass gate where the boys who look after seating and the sales of cold drinks etc. were being passed through the gate only to be told off by the CNE Grandstand Manager. They were one-half hour early for work. The manager rushed over in a rage and told the poor gate man "To keep these fools out of here until I tell you to let them in." Thus total confusion at the gate. Meanwhile a million policemen are standing around looking official and bored.

The barkers are also getting much braver as you pass. They are applying a much harder sales pitch to lure the spendthrift into their clutches. I personally don't see a stuffed animal is worth the amount of money they ask.

SHOPSY'S
Good old conservative Shopsy's does it again. Ninety cents for a sandwich and fifteen cents for a small coke. The manager doesn't even smile for the buck five you hand for a single shot. In fact when I asked how business was this year he looked, he snarled and he walked away.

It wasn't until after I produced a press pass that he would even say it was better. Even then I think he said it to be cynical. I did get a chance, though, to talk to a member of his staff and he was able to tell me that for working his rear-end off and trying to smile a lot the good, kind, generous Shopsy paid them one dollar and fifteen cents an hour. It is really too bad that this goes on just cause it is easy to get student help. Well I sure hope somebody enjoys all the bucks being made at the booth because the waiters are sure not to see any of it. In a place like this, where

Invitation to a Dance

When Lloyd Grant (Keele SAC) gets an idea, he doesn't just leave it at that without trying to upset heaven and hell to make things move and come his way. One of the dreams he nurses is to bring students and members of the administration closer together and provide fun and relaxation for all to enjoy. So, exposing the makings for a future millionaire, he invests a little money to make a little more money. (Maybe that little more money bit should read a little less money because he trusts people too man much for his own good) which he plans to use for other activities. The Dance at the Keele campus on Aug. 10/71 was the product of a brainstorm and it might be interesting to find out just what he did to get the OK. (Along with blessings????) from the administration. When he ran into problems with his liquor license he cleverly recruited the Teraulay Mafia (SAC that is) and in a combined effort they got rid of the obstacle. Too bad though that he couldn't line up the date to coincide with our bi-weekly allowance from Manpower, which would have turned his dance into a success. But even without it, I must admit, the student response was good and the continually busy dance floor proved it. Another thing that impressed me was the layout of the bar, the tables and the band stand. But, like most of us, he made a few mistakes and one of them was the negligence to hire an off-duty member of our local gun fighter club. You know the ones I mean? They usually wear those funny blue suits with red stripes running down the side of the legs and are normally slowed down by the weight of those oversized tooth picks which they sometimes use to give people headaches. Another mistake was that Lloyd permitted the ticket selling forces to participate in the drinking action, and because of that, they were forever busy juggling drinks towards their air intake valves. The barman himself didn't do so bad either and was probably, next to me, his best customer.

When I arrived at the Keele Campus around 7:45 p.m., and I don't exactly remember what I expected to find, I was surprised by the similarity of scenery as compared to Teraulay campus, because the body of Larry Bushel decorated the staircase in all its splendor. Its radiant glow of dark green from within immediately awoke the impression of solidified - booze? - No, sooner said I obtained my ticket when the carcass of Frank Davis (Teraulay SAC & Globe staff) came crawling around the corner of the corridor eventually leading to the cafeteria and place of action. Strange though, he too possessed that radiant glow and I began to wonder if I looked the same way. Because, before leaving the Globe office, Frank brewed for me tea, the only secret recipe and the effects

had obviously not yet worn off. I have always admired how he manages to keep his life at the sound of money changing hands.

The only missing thing in connection with the splendid reception every one received were the sounds of "AIDA's" Triumph March, to make everybody feel like a hero for showing up. Of course you had to hang on to one's riches in order to remain in an upright position, for Lloyd tried his damndest to shake your arm right out of its socket, but what's an arm between friends? Once I had cleared that noise obstacle, I was ready to attempt the hike along mysterious and endless corridors to the place, the Keele people call so generously, cafeteria. The amount of casualties must be tremendous. Besides, I have the sneaky suspicion that the dance wasn't in the cafeteria at all like the poster said it would be. Or else I got the signs mixed up somewhere along the way, which in my state of mind under the circumstances, would have been no surprise. And taking the word, I never sobered up enough all through the night to find out.

Like so many other things, even that corridor came to an end which was marked by a big table with mounds of rolls of tickets for booze and beer on it. The sign saying that beer was available for 50 cents and booze for \$1.00 a glass must have escaped the Miss Universe Contest that turned out to be none other than Lloyd's wife. By the time I had regained my self-control and so brutally torn away my eyes from hers, pockets were bulging and hopelessly entangled in yards of those damn tickets. I was well on my way to the bar. The bar keep, Bob Preston, probably saved me (or my tickets) from tripping by receiving me with open arms. I had barely mutated my order of vodka and orange juice (If you don't believe it, ask Cookie) when he went into a dance that would have shamed an experienced medicine man of the Apaches. The drink he turned out was equally good, as is his ingenious sense of geometry he proved to possess by the way he piled up the scores of beercases behind his action line.

Finally, friends, armed with a drink in each hand, I made it to the tables to have a crack at the bowls full of potato chips which decorated them. Due to instant love between Vodka and chips they stopped decorating, when I sat down.

The two main reasons for my being at that Dance were: (1) Primarily to have a ball and get b... no never mind that; and (2) To collect some facts for all you cats who didn't show up. So, to get you all a little cheered off with yourself for missing this, off I went on a manhunt to track down the band that wasn't really a band but a couple of disc jockeys with their equipment.

I found them right in the midst of a mess of speakers, amplifiers, tons of records and albums, and somehow they reminded me of quadratic equations that are

nothing but a mess until (and only if) you reach the end, considering that and consequently wind up admiring my messiest mess of messed-up mess. But these two fellows knew their way around pretty good, considering that Ken Sweeting has all in 3045 records and 150 albums to boast. It must have given his helper Jim Annis some headaches before he caught on to Ken's system of categorizing all that. Ken, with only some help of his friends, built most of the components himself and must have been satisfied with the 50 watts of built-in music power to build his audience's eardrums with. The effort of Ken and Jim helped considerably in my opinion, to establish a friendly atmosphere all through the evening. As provided us with almost four straight hours of good music. Any cooperation like that should be rewarded with a little thanks.

9:00 p.m. the place was crowded, the air hot and humid and the windows permanently closed, which put a whole new dimension on entertainment and when some of the stretchers out on the floor beds could be placed on whether or not the person concerned was drunk. At one time two even dropped from the same time right in front of Larry Bushel, but all I remember about that is that they both had blonde hair, the one long and straight and the other short and curly. Larry keeps telling me was only one person, but one of us was stoned, well, come to think of it, we both were. So it's my word against his. Honestly, you didn't even have to drink to get high, because the heat was so intense that even the beer evaporated, forming dense clouds over all the glasses. And watching those clouds I was nearly overwhelmed by tears about the poor, poverty-stricken G.B.C. organization that can't even afford to spend some money on some decent advertising to win new students, let alone to purchase a few portable air condition kits to be assembled by students in associated subjects.

Rumours have it that the government is a lousy customer and doesn't pay our student fees. Is this the proof to the rumours? Then could this mean our government is going broke? No Stree, I've got to tell you about the dance. When I start thinking I get funny and there was nothing funny about that dance. Or was there? Yes there was. There was Larry Bushel and there was Frank Davis and there was...

At around 9:30 p.m., my turn at the local box office started with cookie getting the job as Vodka runner. I said to be my duty to see that she was always busy and for at least one hour she covered more ground than I ever will considering the distance from the box office to the bar. For myself I can say that I tried to master the art of shaking hands with one and removing the admission fee out of guests' pockets with the other.

I take it that the spot dance on which a prize was given away, was supposed to mark the height of fun and was easily missed if you

didn't happen to be right there when it was announced. I guess I caught some of the action when it rolled off and had me puzzled for quite some time of exactly what it was that I saw. By the time it finally dawned on me and I sprang into action to interview the lucky winner and find out exactly what the prize consisted of, I couldn't locate the winners any more. Besides, Frank Davis once again managed to win my undivided attention by acting the losing part of a bull-fight in 30D Technicolor, live from the locker room next to the cafeteria. He actually succeeded in making me feel like I was part of the action, not to mention the development of considerable courage. The way he bowed his head and raked the floor with his feet, desperately trying to throw the sand of the arena high into the air, twenty foot or so run at full speed was pretty good. But the best part by far remains when his lowered head connected with the nearest steel locker he could see. But for the life of me, I can't figure out why he wanted to hurt that nice locker. So, should you see him in a grouchy mood over the next few days, feeling his way along the walls of the Teraulay corridors, forgive him. He will probably be busy hearing strange noises like the beating of king size drums. And don't worry about that funny jerking of his or temporary loss of balance. I'm sure we all will get used to that from here on in. If you want to do him a favour, or if he gets to be a little pain you know where, just tell him to go to his office and relax over a nice cup of tea. You will be amazed how willingly he will cooperate.

As I said before, if there

were any highlights all through the dance, I missed them all, including the one that came off around 1:00 a.m. I have asked about 25 different people in connection with that incident and received just as many different answers and rather than going off telling you cloak and dagger stories (of which the GBC seems to exist) I will limit myself to the facts as supplied by the administration of Keele campus, with one exception.

The story goes that one of the Teraulay boys "danced" out of line and as I see it, started unknowingly a near riot. There are stories flying around that this individual tried to steal two cases of beer, but I know this particular fellow personally and judge him incapable of such a deed. In any case, Frank Davis nearly stole the show again by trying his best to break up the fight in its early stages, but he didn't quite make it. Having had lots of practice to improve his speed of movement on those steel lockers just hours before, he started off towards the trouble spot in such a hurry that only at the very last moment he noticed the chair in direct line of himself and the fighters competing, who knows, for what championship. At that point his speed was so great that he couldn't make the evasion manoeuvres, resulting off, crashed onto the floor, and then slipped off into the blue yonder, not to be seen or heard of for quite some time.

Outside of that, nothing was a laughing matter because much went down the drain for us students. For one thing the possibilities of getting permission for repetition of activities of this calibre are practically wiped out. The damages to the Keele campus were considerable

and are going to be extracted from the Teraulay SAC. (I have seen the battlefield after it was over and the only description I can think of describing it fittingly with would be equalizing it with an elephant in a fine china store.) The foundation of Lloyd Grant tried to build has crumbled, his example misused, and he even had money stolen from his attempt. But for that he will mainly have to take the blame himself. His plans certainly didn't work out because he seems to have lost more than he invested. Even though most of us tend to think of Lloyd's attempt as a complete failure, I reserve my opinion to the fact that the dance floor was kept busy right up to the end and therefore at least some of us must have had a good time. (Why not tell us your opinion in form of a letter to the Editor, Globe Office, Room 409, Teraulay Campus, Toronto, Ont.) I agree that the planning left a lot to be desired. So did the supervision, provision of emergency facilities and protection, still I maintain the fact that it was Lloyd's first attempt and did not exactly end in total disaster in the overall picture. Anybody's first attempt would most likely turn out the very same way, especially if nobody has a clear idea of management potentials. Personally, I feel that Mr. Allen (Principal of Keele Administration) has poured things on us, the Teraulay campus, rather heavily - but who is to say how I would react if I were in his position. The Teraulay SAC has taken the blame for everything even though the fact remains that in order to maintain a fight you need at least two parties. One that does the

Cont'd pg. 6



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FROSH DAY

TUESDAY SEPT. 14, 1971

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PICNIC

10 AM - 6 PM

BAR-B-QUE

PRE-SCHOOL CHILDRENS GAMES

MUSIC BY

EDWARD BEAR

MANCHILD

LEE ASHFORD

CASA LOMA 8 PM - 12 PM

MILLIONAIRES NIGHT

BAR & FOOD

MUSIC BY

MADRIGAL

THE CUT-UPS

BLACK STUDENT COUNCIL

The Black Students Council of George Brown College takes this opportunity to say welcome to all new students (of Teraulay Campus). We wish all of you success in your studies. In the meantime have a ball at G.B.C. and be sure to take part in Frosh Day. Its for all of you.

The Council will resume with a brief meeting on Wednesday, September 8th at 8:30 p.m. in room 351. Shortly after there will be a film show on "Black and White Relationship in South Africa."

All new students are urged to attend.

Yours, L.G. McKnight, Acting President.

TICKETS..

Single - \$3.50

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Student must have ticket to be excused from class.

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HOW ABOUT ANOTHER GO?

I have been asked to see about a new chess club with instructors and so anyone is interested please contact Daniel R. Winters or the "Globe" office. I think it is a really good thing and I hope some of our students here at Teraulay Campus can get behind it and support it.

HERE IS ONE WE SHOULD TRY

I see a lot of people playing pingpong down in room 351. So lets see if we can't get some kind of competition going in this area as well. If anyone is interested get in touch with me at the "Globe" office and we shall see what we shall see. By the way, the same goes for our cafeteria. Each of our players. That way it wouldn't look near so bad to the teachers and we do see a lot of participants in this game. Also, lets get some things going. It makes new friends and relationships you know.

Wayne Steadman

White Knight

Many thanks to whoever suggested painting the large cafeteria. I won't say it's about time because I guess you already knew that. It sure is going to make a difference eating in a place that at least looks a little brighter.

Although I must add that white can get awful dirty fast and I can see the janitors having a good time in a year from now trying to make it white again. But, as for now it sure will make eating in there much more bearable. So hats off to you and pleasant eating whoever you are.

Wayne Steadman

TO OUR ARTISTS

There is a big white wall in the Student Lounge on Teraulay campus that could use some of our artistic talents applied liberally. Our artists in the washrooms might try to let their frustrations out on something more constructive and less pornographic. I am sure that the janitors would appreciate it considerably. This project is for ladies and gents. So all you Rembrandt's and Picasso's might really have a good time on that little project.

If interested try contacting Larry Bushell.

FREE WORKSHOPS

Free workshops in journalism and public affairs are being offered at the Woodgreen Community Centre, 835 Queen St. E. The ten week course begins Sept. 14. Subjects to be covered include: news writing for print or broadcast, news photography and operation of video tape recording equipment.

If you would like to take advantage of this course, contact Bruce Arnold 465-4180 or Woodgreen Centre 461-1168.

CANADIAN LIONS



This location is not South Africa but in southern Ontario, lion country—450 acres of farmland on Hwy 8 between Hamilton and Galt.

African Lion Safari and Game Farm got off to a roaring start last year and has been going strong ever since. In the first two months over 100,000 visitors had the heart-quicken experience of driving unescorted two miles through a landscape of prowling, growling lions. The charge is five dollars per car.

The lions were only the beginning for the reserve which has cost \$1/2 a million dollars so far. 100 fierce looking baboons were added to make a Monkey Jungle. These creatures have 12 acres to scamper over sand, rock, grass and trees.

A pets corner and also some sea lions have become another part of this attraction.

"To Africa and back in one day," is the slogan for this Ontario safari, open every day of the year 10 a.m. til sunset. Here's a rare chance to shoot lions on the loose-on film.



ONTARIO PLACE

If you have not been to Ontario Place yet, you may have saved yourself a dollar by reading this issue of the "Globe."

The dollar is the price I paid to get into "Man and His Province" as Ontario Place has been aptly nicknamed.

The saving comes when you take our word for it that the floating nightclub is not worth the price of admission.

Save your money. Don't bother to go. First of all Ontario Place closes at 9:30 p.m., although no one will tell you that except me. I arrived at 10:30 p.m. and they took my money anyway and let me find out after I got in that the place was closed.

If I had arrived before 9:30 I could have listened to amateur choirs sing—OH SUSANNA, or 10 a.m. til sunset. Ontario Place's mini theatre. For the more adventurous there are a few exhibits showing how glorious it is to live under a Conservative Government.

A visit to Ontario Place is almost as exciting as lunch in George Brown's cafeteria.

No hum!

Cont'd. from page 4

fighting and the other takes it. And of what I heard, the Keele boys didn't exactly sit still either. However, formal apologies will be sent out soon, so that all that will remain is going to be a bad taste.

One more word I wish to say about the chief caretaker of Keele campus: This man hadn't been home with his family since early Friday morning to make sure everything would be in shape as far as his responsibilities were

concerned. And what's more, he volunteered as a gesture of kindness and understanding for the students. This man deserves a medal for his part, and what did he get? Nothing but hassles, threats and even some minor injuries, but injuries, nevertheless. So come on SAC (both Keele and Teraulay), let's show him our appreciation and buy him a good cigar. What's another buck on top of our damages we inflicted, more or less, ourselves.

Dieter Gersch

CARIBANA AND ITS ORIGIN

Fitz H. Reid & McDuck

If you were downtown a few Saturdays ago, you would have had the feeling of being on one of the main streets of Trinidad on a carnival day. The weather was fine, the costumes were gorgeous, the streets were filled with curious on-lookers, and most of all there was the steelband music which wrapped you in an orgy of fun, gaiety and merriment. Even the nonmentals found a reason for enjoying life and participated in the carnival "jump-up" which triggered the Caribana Festival.

Caribana is an annual spectacle held in Toronto to give the people of the Caribbean a bit of what they miss at home and with the same token it makes a social contribution to Canada's cultural wealth. Every year, West Indians travel from New York, Montreal, Winnipeg and join in the revelry. Caribana runs for about two weeks with nightly entertainment. This year most of it was held on Centre Island, a location very unique for such celebrations. And the celebrities came from Jamaica, Trinidad, Barbados, Guyana and other parts of the Caribbean and brought with them the limbo, the steelband, the humour, calypso and other forms of entertainment of which the Caribbean is famous and proud.

Many a night, a number of folks, West Indians and others ignored the last blast of the ferry boat and were out on the island. But who cared? No one seems to care very much when he is jumping to the strains of the sweet, tantalizing sound of the steel drums. All that you think about then is "doing your own thing." Such a sensation can be a worthy substitute for speed.

To attempt to describe carnival in the cool Caribbean is difficult. However, in Trinidad, it is a season of fun, merry-making and entertainment which has grown to be one of the world's super-spectacles. The elaborate floats, the colourful costumes the lively music, the friendly atmosphere, all contribute towards fun and bacchanal. It is the time of year when the priest abandons his gown; the judge his wig; because Duty has given way to Pleasure. Mere words cannot do justice in the description. You have to see it to believe it. The season begins early in January with the opening of the Calypso tents and it comes to a climax on the Monday and Tuesday before Ash Wednesday.

The calypso is an art form and is part of the culture of Trinidad and Tobago. It is a ballad sung with humour and a lively beat. At Calypso we put it in his HOW TO MAKE A CALYPSO:

"First the topic is your big bite. Then you must get your lyrics right. And with humour and a lively beat. You are ready with a calypso treat."

The calypso tents are the show where the many calypsonians entertain their

audiences. The steelbandmen select the liveliest of these tunes and play it more often on carnival days. Then then becomes the "Road March" of the season. The steelband owes its birth to the days when the slaves in Trinidad were freed and they showed their joy by "jumping" in the streets to the beat of music provided by a band of garbage cans found on the way. This sounded well.

And today the steelband or steel orchestra sits high in the world of music. This art has spread to the best of the West Indies and is introduced to Canada, the U.S., Ghana, the U.K. and other countries that have an appetite for fine music. To say that the steelband penetrates the work of Bach, Handel, Beethoven, Mozart and the other masters is putting it very mildly. And strange enough, almost every steelbandman cannot even read music. This shocks you eh? You are not alone in that respect. For many conductors of large symphony orchestras who were adjudicators of the steelband competitions in Trinidad have remarked: "I really can't believe it—truly a great talent."

If you can bend low, probably you can dance the limbo. But you have to loosen your muscles with wister-look gratings and pass under a rod which may sometimes stand as low as five inches or maybe six inches above the ground. The dancer becomes deeply involved in his act through the fast beat of a drum and a chanting of the limbo song. There are many other interesting highlights of the season. For instance there are competitions to select the King and Queen of the night. This is based primarily on the work of art exhibited in the costumes and not beauty, poise, or physique which are the basic criteria of the Carnival Queen Competition.

It is important to note here that hundreds of bands parade the streets of Trinidad and Tobago on carnival days. And one band might comprise as many as two thousand persons including the musicians, the masqueraders, the followers, and the tourists.

The kids get their share of the fun about a week before the two hectic days when they enter Kiddies Carnival Competitions. The teenagers, I believe, find more interest in competitions held exclusively to select the top steelband of the year. Hundreds of bands play their favourite or "hot" tunes in this "PANORAMA".

To attempt to fully describe Carnival in Trinidad and Tobago is a difficult task for the writer. I really believe you have to see it to believe it; then you might remark as an American visitor "This has to be one of the wonders of the world."

PREVIEW HIGHLIGHTS FROSH DAY

The group Leigh Ashford will make the scene September 14. Bluesy-folk-rock is the music description suggested by the group. Leigh Ashford just released

Circa 1999 — The End

When I was a little boy, no higher than your knee I had my mama and my papa, all of us were free I needed nothing else for I was one of three.

My world was of the womb and the womb was of me. Time was no stranger, especially not to me I stretched a little taller to see what I could see, What I saw, I knew I liked For still there was a glow in life.

I saw a great land where I could be a man The waters ran sweet and the grass was still green I could look into the river—see the fish against the sand.

There was nothing in the world to make me feel mean. School taught me this, my folks taught me that My head was getting learning While this land was getting far.

All this time, my land was burning. Then I went into the world to call myself a man And when I saw this world, it was like a grain of sand. Gone were the green and gone was the blue.

All they had left me was an endless total ruin. I cried that day—my eyes burned red For what they had left me might just as well been dead The sand in the river was all around me now.

In the air—on the land; all of it was brown. I travelled to my river hoping I could find A little bit of boyhood that had been left behind The river when I got there was like a ramrod hole.

I wept a little more—My God; it tore my soul I travelled to my forest to rest among my trees I travelled many miles, lost to me it seemed Until I met an older man, of whom I did inquire.

My trees, My trees. Can you tell me where they be? In shame he hung his head He said they were no more I travelled from my home, for it really was a sore.

In search of greener pastures, on some far off distant shore As I wore the miles, the patches seemed complete Instead of any life, there was deadness at my feet.

All o're the earth—the cancer was complete The sun—its howe way out in space Pollution stopped it's plastic rain. So— I too, lay me down to sleep.

THE MESSENGER

a new LP "Kinfolk" on the RCA label; coming in next week will be their latest single "Never Give Myself" also on RCA. Five young men for this band—Buzz Shearman, R. Wazell, Don Elliot, Wally Cameron and Newton Garwood.

Madrigal, a group of folk will entertain at the Frosh Day Dance at Casa Loma. These guys come highly recommended with all original compositions they composed themselves. "Well, all right, all right, Freedom"—Tuesday

THE BOOKSHELF

by Nancy Arnold

Our student library has many new books to capture and stimulate your interests.

LITTLE FAUSS AND BIG HALSY

by Chas. Eastman

This is an original screen play about motorcycle racing and those who are passionately committed to it. The two main characters—Fauss and Halsy—become friends through their love of racing.

Little Fauss—twenty, with thick glasses and still "mama's boy"

Big Halsy—a no-so-young, beer drinking, tattooed satyr whose been around.

THE NOON BALLOON TO RANGOON

by John Haase

A natural humorist, John Haase has given this little old lady a taste for freedom, travel and excitement.

Lady Isabella Triley, fleeing from her tourist-ridden ancestral castle, demands her ancient birthright: an ambassadorship.

Her Majesty's Foreign Office at once dispatches Lady Triley to the embassy in Ramona Beach (Southern California, of course). Mix in:

A typical California political brobaha.

A pretty columnist who stoops at nothing to get her scoop

A funeral directors' convention

A taggle of A.G.A.I.N.S.T. girls a wily Oriental spy and you're off on THE NOON BALLOON TO RANGOON.

TWICE UPON A TIME

by Carolyn Jones

A modern love story about two show business people who are searching for themselves and find each other. A hard cover novel oozing with balling.

THE BROTHER

by F.D. Reeve

The moving story of New England family with

Come To Frosh Day

Sept. 14

IT'S YOUR DAY

Label-is their latest release. Peter Boynton, Don Simpson, Rick Henderson and John Swainson, the original four are still entertaining together after nearly two years.

The Cupids trio is the other group signed for the Casa Loma Dance. This outfit has been together since 1966. Commercial is the sound; rock-country to champagne music. Glen Wallace, Bobby Brown and Tom Bays have been the resident cocktail hour trio at Le Coq D'or since last December.

Hopefully, these groups will be exciting enough to hold their audience through the appearance of Manchid and Edward Bear. I have had the misfortune of hearing both these heavy rock groups. Edward Bear bored the withering audience to death. In all honesty, Manchid is not that bad, but they lacked enough enthusiasm to revive the corpse.

four sons—the Spencers. You begin this novel thinking it is a story about Will, the oldest, who writes some books, has an off-Broadway play and marries a talented girl, but everything sour. You may later think the novel mainly

about Davey, the 3rd son, and through whose eyes this story is told. A reputable family with a tragic ending.

F.D. Reeve was awarded a literary award in 1970 from the National Institute of Arts and letters.

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Les Girls

By Wayne Steadman

Toronto's most elegant live Strip Theatre. Leaves nothing to your imagination — ten breath-taking acts performed daily, continuous 12-12 Mon. thru Sat.

That's what the advertisement states. Well, it is all true. The Les Girls is the cleanest, most respectable place in Toronto. They have ten acts it is true, where they are heading as far as aims and goals are concerned is most important. I chatted with their public relations manager. This is what he had to say:

In his eyes the girls are artists and performers. Not strippers as we know the word. He has taken the word Burlesque and Striptease right out of the vocabulary at his premises. "One of our policies is to have pretty girls; we are trying to get the smut and garbage out of our performances and in place we are putting Theatrics of the Vaudeville days," he said. I watched the performances and I could see his point. He is teaching his girls new routines and skits some to music. His ideas are great. Themes like an old-fashioned school marm turned wild and caldy trapped in a cage and set free are two of the erotic themes that they have put together. He wants to put a new twist to all these shows.

The great thing about Les Girls is that 80% of the girls have never taken off their clothes before on stage. Therefore they are oriented more to the theatrics of it all, rather than the smut.

The Les Strip is trying to change all this bad feeling in nude performing, and that's better than I can say for some organizations I've seen. Their aims go to a small Carnegie Hall where they can spend money on good props, staging, lighting, etc. They would like to expand into bigger and better performances, with more involved acts etc.

They have one girl in particular by the name of Leta. She seems to be able to draw you right into the time and the place that she

is portraying. The performance that I saw entails a cage with her inside dressed in cat's fur.

She is an actress, not just a stripper. Her performances were great and I think there should be more like her in the future. I did get a chance to talk with Leta for a while and I found her to be a fairly intelligent girl with definite aims, goals, etc. She has a warm smile that was definitely real. This is what she had to say:

Q. How do you feel about the new form of theatrics in strip that is being introduced here?
A. A person can be more themselves, acting out each part. I feel we can portray more fantasy and feeling than in any other way.

I mean, when people watch a performance they tend to get into the act. If we portray the more fantasy and dream worlds, we feel we will have another satisfied person in this world, or at least a little happier. The more we put into the dreams the better they feel.

Q. How old are you Leta?
A. I am 20.

Q. How do you feel when you're up there on stage?

A. I have to dance, I have music, and I would like to be an actress. I feel very involved with people and with what I am doing. I feel I can portray anything you want to see and that is important to me. To feel with the act is most important.

Q. What makes you get into this line of work?

A. Well, I think I started in this to learn control. I used to be a model and I want to be an actress. This line of work is tough and it takes a lot of control which is what I want to learn. Plus like I said before, I want to be an actress and this gives me a first class crack at the nards of being a performer. I feel that in this work it is going to teach me things I would never learn anywhere else in the acting profession.

COURSES SUFFER; LACK OF PUBLICITY

by I.C. bowen

George Brown College is a six campus complex which offers close to 500 courses — about 300 of which are given in the evening through the Extension Department.

An increasing number of people require Grade XII as entry in Applied Arts for example, 60 per cent require Grade XII as entry. In Architectural Technology, 63 per cent and in each of the other divisions, more than 60 per cent.

For those lacking entry requirements the College provides an academic upgrading program at its Teraville Campus which is very busy in Science (physics especially) and mathematics.

The most popular course is by far and away Domestic Electronics. The G.E. course lasts 48 weeks and requires Grade X.

Courses which have enjoyed low popularity are some of the new ones which have been too well publicized: for example, Coatings Technicians, Machine and Product Design, Materials Evaluation Technician.

The Department of Food Technology is extending its scope with programs to serve an urban area. Dietary Services Administration & Food Administration are courses that students with a chemistry background would do well to consider, while those with an accounting bent could think of Hotel/Motel Administration.

Addiction Counselling seems to be an elitist course. Registration is usually limited, but with increased Addiction Drug Research Foundation facilities on Russell and Spadina, students in this course could get more involved.

The Applied Arts Division has so far limited the number and type of courses it offers. The Division could expand into a few more areas: Environmental and Urban Studies for example.

Graduates of the Concrete Technicians Course are getting jobs

according to a spokesman from the Architectural Technician Department. "There is a demand for these guys," said the Department spokesman.

Most courses are under-sold by the College. The Marine Course "bombed" out for this reason earlier in the year.

The task of the College's publicity department, if it is really interested in the courses offered, is to make sure that promotional material reaches the eyes and ears and hands of potential students.

A booth at the Canadian National Exhibition is NOT ENOUGH.

MUSINGS

by Iloyd C. bowen

"I am fascinated by the names of the many boutiques in the city. I think it shows a sense of romanticism that is alive and well even in a technological age."

On one of the side streets just north of the downtown core are, among others, The Pres. Tenise and We Three. On Yonge Street: The Third Airfield, LongJohns, The Brick Shirt House and in Yorkville: Something Else. Everything Goes, Just Lane. Outside the village is the Jeaneery. The Eyeatch and The Cat in the Window, as I remember, are within the village walls.

I said before, and the imagination in naming these places that really appeals to me. They might all speak the same things or variations of the same thing, but some, I notice, specialize.

The Jeaneery, for example, sells Jeans which, perhaps is self-evident. We Three sells books. The Eyeatch doesn't sell eyepatches, but does in the fashionable mode of the young.

There seems to be some currency in student cards and who knows that better than the E.A.S.L. students of the 21st floor of the campus building.

Why do they want them? Well... as they see it, they can get into the movies, the Ex, the theatre and wherever, at a discount. S.A.C. should perhaps look into this and see whether merchants around here — A&A, Sam the Record Man, various restaurants, perhaps Batons, Simpsons — would give bona fide students of the college a discount.

S.A.C. as you already know has gone ahead with a plan to house students in need.

Toronto is for people. The motor cars are not obsolete, nor is it likely to become so in the short or even long run, but the malls, the festivals, the exhibition are all people "things". And it's a good sign.

If we could limit the use of the car in the inner core of the city we'd do well to give the city — at least that part which we define as the inner core — over to people. But it's not only cars that drive people away. It's big buildings too. The latter are sterile, efficiency-oriented, people excluding. Take a look at University Ave. After 5 p.m. rigor mortis sets in. The subway closes at night, and on Sundays. It is

a mausoleum. Nice to see once in a while, but... to see Bloor Street, the Fifth Avenue of Toronto, is different. It's a people place. Restaurants, boutiques, taverns, a blend of high and low rise. This is the way we must keep it. Nothing destroys the essential life of a big city like cars and mindless skyscrapers. The cities we used to consider as the paragons of urban beauty are either dying or already dead.

We are not yet ready for cyclists. There are no special traffic lanes for them and that's understandable. At the campus here they're urged not to bring their bicycles to the buildings. There are no racks for them. Park them over at city hall. Surprisingly though motorists are showing some sort of courtesy and consideration for these co-users of the road during rush hours.

The other day I noticed two cyclists nonchalantly pedalling their way thru the evening traffic and the motorists who are normally impatient for reasons of their own, giving way to their feeble brethren.

I thought it a good sign. When the city, and/or the province gets around to acknowledging the right to a genuine road user, his lot will definitely improve. Meanwhile bikers are reaping a bonanza in stolen cycles.

I discovered a restaurant on a back street in the harbour. And for those of you who like sea food, go to the foot of Yonge Street that's where the action is.

If, on the other hand, you collect blunderbuses, there's an antique store at Yonge and Summerhill. It could tickle your fancy.

The Pain of It All

His face was swollen, the pain he was excruciating, but because he was Manpower student he must suffer as many others have or will be unless something is done to provide students with the service of a Dental Clinic.

Manpower pays a sum of money on which we are expected to meagerly survive. There are no extras allowed and most of us live on tight budgets. We can't afford seven dollars to have one tooth extracted or the extras such as x-rays, prescriptions, etc.

Friends may tell you to try to get an appointment at the Dental College — which is about the cheapest place — so you phone for an appointment. A sweet voiced lady gets on the line and says: "Can you come in on January... 1974." In the meantime, you are saying: "Like wow is she for real or what!"

Toronto Board of Education has Dental Clinics for their students. Why can't Manpower provide an emergency clinic for theirs?

We as human beings with the same needs as others. Why must we unnecessarily suffer due to the fact that we are students and are trying to better ourselves, because we are forced to — but because we want to.

Let's get the ball rolling and have some action now. Remember! UNITED WE STAND!

DIVIDED WE FALL! Sharon Taylor.

This office did some checking and found out that dental assistance is one of the hardest things to obtain. The Rehabilitation Council can't help us. Welfare can't help us, as we've never been on welfare. If to go somewhere else, there are any suggestions on this matter, please contact this newspaper, Room 409, Teraville Campus, so we can get it at. As of right now I can't say. Sorry Sharon, we'll keep trying but, as of now, try to smile a lot and use plenty of ice cubes.

Wayne Steadman
Assistant Editor

DRUG ABUSE

The topic of Drug Abuse is a widespread question these days. Many opinions are heard about this topic and none seems to answer any of the questions being asked. We can see it around us but what about it?

The question that I ask is what is abuse or what is experimental or social or anything of that nature? I find that as soon as the word abuse comes into the picture people think of over-indulgence. I question whether in all cases this is so. There are a lot of people using drugs too and not over-indulging in them. It seems to me that when I look at it drugs were around about thirty years ago — All you heard were the words HEROIN and SPEED and in my opinion they are no-mo's. Thus, now that, let's say, Marijuana has been brought into the picture again, it is associated with these drugs and that is not so. Doctors, lawyers, professional people, etc. etc. etc., smoke it. So we have to start defining why it is first, eh?

The psychedics that are going around these days seem to be so sure of, as I think, that the makers are getting sloppy from what I hear. These drugs are hard to talk about. In their case I would not like to say too much, although I will say that those who take them should lead a pretty stable life as far as their head goes. Now if you are an extreme paranoid you would be asking for trouble by taking those types of drugs.

Anything unknown frightens people. That is a basic fact. So here we have a relatively wide-prevalence of unknown and it frightens people. We have negative reactions. Drugs have always had a bad reputation and I think we had better start getting some information on this topic before we get in a big hubb about it. After all, we just hear the bad reports about it. So how can this be, for there are two sides to every story.

I don't like to use this as a point of reference, but alcohol and cigarettes are every bit as much a narcotic as marijuana, so again I say that people better get a little more information on these matters before they fly off the handle. I smoke.

NEXT ISSUE: Counselling



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